

The Candy Girl

deadlightdelight (daelit)

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Summary:

You've been a highschool graduate for two years now, and you finally landed a job at the candy shop. One day on the way to work the sky decided to let hell rain down in the form of water, and that was the first time you met the clown.

1. Chapter 1

...First chapter...

...The candy store...

Derry, a somewhat peaceful town with a bad history. The house prices were low, but the chances of getting a decent job were rather slim but worth it once you got in. Summer was around the corner and you had luckily scored a job at the local candy shop, much to your parents delight, you'd finally be getting out of the house for longer than it took to get to the corner store and back.

You had graduated high school and that was the last big thing to happen to you besides your 20th birthday, which you had kept small for the most part. A few friends had shown up at your request and your parents went to a movie so you could have some adult fun without parental supervision; you mostly listened to records and danced around with a bottle in hand. You weren't a fan of straight liquor and preferred something fruity, like apple or cherry, you always had a sweet tooth but you weren't a fan of straight sugar because you had too much as a kid, so now your teeth would ache and your stomach would churn; this was somewhat of a problem because you now spent six hours of your day in a candy shop, surrounded by sugar, this made your head spin just thinking about it.

Today was like any other, except for the rain that was pouring down at a heavy and consistent rate, if you hadn't put your rain coat on before you left you would be stuck in soaked clothes for the rest of the day; your clothes may have been saved by the rain, but you can't say the same for your shoes.

You had run most of the way to the shop, your purse held tightly to your chest in hopes that your belongings wouldn't get soaked. As you came to the heavy wood door you stopped for a minute beneath the striped awning. A single red balloon was tied to one of the metal chairs outside of the shop, you smiled to yourself as you pushed the door open and the bell chimed happily at the sound of a potential customer, but in reality it was really just you.

The shop was rather small, it was on the corner of mainstreet and it was rather cute both outside and in. Large windows on either side of the door and the colours were white, pink, cream and mahogany; Pink and white was mostly made up of stripe wall paper, and mahogany bearing the color of the wood for the counter and the floor to ceiling shelves on the east and west walls.

"Right on time my dear," Mary said as you entered. Mary was the owner of the shop, she was a quite beautiful woman even for her age. Her face was pale and soft, her wrinkles didn't age her as much as they gave her character. Her eyes were the colour of freshly brewed tea, and were just as inviting and warm as tea. Her hair the colour of snow, she always had it pinned back in an elegant fashion, much unlike yourself, you always had your hair pinned back with bobby pins, barrettes, or hair ties, always in a messy fashion. Mary was envied by even the young mother's around town, women could only hope to age well let alone age with such beauty as Mary.

"What's the special occasion?" you asked ask you Mary gave you a puzzled look, "The balloon-" you said as you turned and pointed at where the balloon was but to your surprise it was gone, your hand pulled back in confusion but then you pushed it down to your side, changing the subject.

"Morning Mary, the weather has really proved to not be in our favor today." you said as you pulled your raincoat from your shoulders, exposing your dry clothes to the warm inside air. You wore what was required of you, a black skirt, you picked a pencil skirt for this, a pair of black flats and a loose white blouse with gold buttons on the cuffs and chest, that was to be tucked in. Your hair was to be gelled or pinned back if you had short hair or put into a bun if your hair was longer.

"Yes it really has, I think we will have a rather slow day." she said as she was making little paper bags of random candies for 5 cents. You enjoyed slow days you and Mary usually spent your time sitting around and eating the ice cream that was going to expire soon; Mary would even let you sit on the counter and swing your legs, which was an excellent pass time in your opinion.

"oh drat, (Y/n) would you mind going into the back and getting

another spool of the pink and gold ribbon?" Mary asked as she held an empty spool in her right hand.

"Yes that won't be a prob- Achoo!" a sneeze left your lungs in a sudden burst; not sudden enough for you to cover your mouth, a good habit you learned young.

"Oh my, you better watch that. You don't want to get sick, especially with this weather." Mary said wiggling her finger at you.

"Don't worry about me, I'm a tough girl." you said and flexed your arm, this caused both you and Mary to laugh at how silly you were being.

From there you made your way to the back, turning down the short hallway, you see yourself in the antique mirror hung over a table with a small bowl of mints and plants. On one side was the washroom and across from it was the storeroom, where a majority of the candy was stored, as well as decorations for the seasons and other such things.

As you walked towards the door you stopped for a moment, your hand pressed to the wood of the door, you knew what was on the other side. A statue of a female shepherd, dressed in a white blouse and a pink skirt, her face dolled up and pulled in a wide grin was just on the other side, it was pretty but something about its eyes scared you. It use to be the face of this little candy shop, but the paint began to chip so it was put back here to wait for repair; which has still yet to happen.

You took a deep breath and as you pushed the door open the room was dark except for the light from the hall behind you. A chill ran up your spine as you felt eyes on you, and sure enough your eyes landed on the empty eyes of the large glass doll, smiling and holding her large cane, and a chalkboard scroll. Your face twists up as you look her up and down.

"You're not that scary," You said aloud, smirking at it as you reached for the light switch, and of course as the sound of the switch echoes through the room the light doesn't turn on. You shake your head and grab the folded step ladder, opening it and placing it at the foot of

the shelf. You step onto it and stretch your arm out using the shelves to balance you as you step on tiptoe.

From your left you hear a creaking sound, you pass it off as your grip on the shelf causing the wood to groan.

“Ssskrake” your head snaps to the side as you hear the sound of scraping glass. As your head turns you shriek, your footing becomes unsteady as you go tumbling towards the checkered tiles your hands hitting the hard floor and the pain shoots through your wrists, as you hit the ground the door across the room slams shut.

The glass Shepard had come to life, her dead eyes seeming to glow yellow in the darkness, her toothy grin had warped into a twisted sneer, her perfect teeth had been replaced with dozens of sharp needles as her eyes burrowed into your very soul.

It began to close the distance that had been created when you feel, fear became a heavy weight in your chest, ever growing as your breathing became frantic.

“Am I not scary?” She spoke in a shrill happy voice, she began to bend over, in panic your foot shot out and collided with her jaw, surprisingly it's head snapped to the side and it froze for a moment, but it's body was an unmovable force; you had a feeling it's head only turned out of pure surprise and not the force. You panted and watched it as it's eyes slowly began to roll towards you, it's grin had now dropped as its head turned towards you, something felt sinister about it, it's hand reached out and rested on your calf, it's eyes locked with yours for a moment before moving up towards the door. Behind you the door swung open with a slam causing you to jump, as you turned there stood Mary.

“Jesus (Y/N), are you alright?” Mary asked with a worried pant, she had obviously been frantic on getting that door open.

“T- The statue,” You said as you pointed, turning your head back to where the shepherd stood. To your surprise it had returned to its spot across the room, it's haunting smile returned to its porcelain face. “S-She moved! And her mouth it opened and she chased me around the room!” you said turning back to Mary. She shook her head and held

her hands out to you,

“You see, you did get sick. You should go home and get some rest, you obviously need it. If you wanted a sick day you should have just called, you don't need to put on a performance. Next time call ahead.” she said leaning against the frame regaining her breath.

“No Mary, I swear-” she cut you off shaking her head to herself she lifted her hands to quiet you, before going back down the hall.

You quickly jumped to your feet, grabbing the box of ribbon that had fallen with you and you quickly ran to the door, turning back once more, reassuring yourself that it was all just your imagination. From behind the Shepherd were two glowing orbs, peeking over the statues shoulder, a low growl filling the air. You slammed the door shut and quickly turned away, heading for the main shop room and not looking back or even a moment, you placed the box on the counter, grabbed your coat and apologized before you were out the door once more.

2. Call me

Summary for the Chapter:

There is an interruption in your jam session when you are trying to relax after this mornings scare

... *Part Two* ...

... *Call Me* ...

You had only ever ran home that fast one time, and that was the time you went for ice cream and forgot your coin purse behind; you remember how livid your friends was when he told you to run and get it, after you offered to pay for it. That was truly an embarrassing day.

“Oh come on, really?” you mumbled to yourself as you stood at the door you opened your bag, the outer screen door propped open with your thigh, as you search for your keys. Both your parents were out for the day so nobody was inside. You began to empty the content of your purse, annoyed as you pulled the diner receipts and discarded notes you wrote to remind yourself, you always remembered and rarely needed the notes; yet it was a good habit you seemed to pick up from your mother. Your parents even invested in a leather bound notebook, hoping that you would stop leaving paper around the house, that very notebook was currently collecting dust on the top shelf in your closet.

You continued to shuffle through your purse your hands full of papers and there were even some falling to the soaked pavement at your feet. You really needed something to put on your key so it was easier to find.

“A-ha!” you exclaimed as you reached into your purse, pulling out a single key from the bottom of your bag. Suddenly you jump as something moves in the corner of your eye, floating just on the other side of the railing is a red latex balloon. “ *Another one?*” you thought

to yourself as you slip the key into the lock, you feel the pins sliding out of the way of the teeth on the key. You look around to see if someone was watching you, was someone following you? Or maybe they were trying to play a trick on you?

Quickly you unlock the door and it swings open with a long groan, the hinge was suppose to be oiled weeks ago but your father still hadn't gotten around to it.

Bending down you pick up a few of the now soaked papers and step into your home, dropping your keys in the misc bowl just inside the door, the familiar scent of sweet scented candles and dust filled your nostrils.

Just as you thought, no one home, the house was still and silent. You stand at the door for a minute, something felt wrong, the air wasn't warm and welcoming as it usually was. Instead it had weight to it, thick like liquid as you moves through it. You shut the door behind you, not moving your eyes from the long hall just ahead of you.

Your home was rather large, directly ahead of you was the kitchen down the long hall, to your left a large archway to the entertainment room, to your right the living room and through there another archway to the dining room. Your home was very old and the hardwood was beautiful, but was very noisy; you had to do a balancing act at night if you were desperate enough to go to the washroom, most of the time it wasn't worth it so you had to make a break for the bathroom when the sun rose.

You slip off your shoes at the door, because if your mother found out you were walking around with shoes on she'd have your head.

The unease that settled on your shoulders was enough to make you walk towards the kitchen with caution, passing the three dark steps that lead to the stairwell, and the door to the basement. You walk into the kitchen and using the ball of your foot you place your hand on the fridge door and swing your other leg around, a rather smooth transition to the pose you made while leaning on the fridge door. You stood there for a solid five minutes, your eyes drifting over the assorted sandwich meats, vegetables, thawing meat for tonight's dinner. You settled on an apple and pulled the milk jug from the

fridge, your hips swaying to a tune you remember from one of your records, it was a rocker chick song, empowering and it only took a moment for you to leave your things behind to go to the entertainment room, pulling the blonde record from its place on the rack.

Popping open the record players lid you lift the needle and you pull the record from its sleeve, and put the sleeve on the small table next to the player. You spin the disk between your fingers before placing it in the correct spot and placing the needle on the record, flipping the switch to turn it on. Your ears were met with the sound of drums followed by a nice guitar to add to the mix. Your head began to bob with the beat of the music, bouncing on your knees as you prepare for the vocals.

“ Colour me your colour, baby, Colour me your car” you had memorized the lyrics a long time ago, you were only eleven when the song came out but it was still one of your favorites. You return to the kitchen with a hop in your step, mumbling along to the intro lyrics.

“ I know who you are, Come up off your colour chart” you were now pouring a glass of milk in the kitchen, your whole body swaying to the music, you had forgotten all the events of your short morning, and you were now jamming to a wonderful song. You could feel the rise of anticipation filling your core as the chorus was coming in. Your head whipped around as your body spun with a dramatic flare, like you were performing for an audience, your eyes shut tight.

“Call me on a li-!” you felt a large hand wrap around your throat, cutting off your air and causing your eyes to snap open. Your eyes only caught a glimpse of a figure before you, they were tall and dressed in a pale colour, their eyes burrowed into your own, their gaze was something of pure anger, loathing glazed over their glowing iris as their head was tilted down in a menacing way, before you could make another observation, a hand was over your eyes.

“ Cover me with kisses, baby, Cover me with love”

You could feel their seemingly large body lean closer to you, their break was against your neck. They inhaled deeply and you whimpered, your nails clawing at their wrist, loose fabric on their

arm made it hard to actually do anything to them. Once again you heard the sharp inhale and your teeth ground against each other, “*were they smelling you?!*” you thought to yourself while you shook in their grip, it wasn't tight enough to cut your breathing but it was still terrifying, you kicked your legs as you did your best to free yourself. What followed was an inhuman clicking sound, almost like a growl, this caused a noise to bottle up in your throat. You felt your body be lifted up, sitting you on the counter as the milk glass spills over the marble around you, their body presses to yours and a finger finds its way between your lips, causing the noise to erupt as a panicked sob.

“ *sWeET, sO vEry SweEt~* ” the voice was something you had never heard before, it was low and fear inducing, but it had a cheerful tone to it making it something out of an unimaginable nightmare.

You heard the sound of a door creaking from the front of the house.

“(Y/n)?” the familiar voice of your mother reached your ears. You heard another growl from who ever had you in their grasp.

“ **No, nO, No** ” the voice hissed in a whisper and in the next moment you were sitting on the counter alone, your hands on your neck as you sobbed uncontrollably.

“Honey?” your mother called again, she entered the kitchen with arms full of soaked paper bags, she put them down and rushed to you as her eyes landed on your dishevelled state. “What happened? Are you alright?” she asked you but you couldn't find the voice to answer.

Next thing you knew you were sat at the dinner table, with both your parents one on either end while you sat in the middle, your hands held between your thighs, you were hunched over as your family ate in silence.

“So I stopped to pick you up from work, you weren't there. Mrs Haring said you weren't feeling well and she sent you home. Are you feeling better?” Your father asked as he wiped his mouth with a napkin and placed his elbows on the table, folding his hands.

“I am fine papa, I just wasn't feeling well.” As you said this your mother gave you a look as she slipped her fork into her mouth once

more. You wouldn't tell your father anything that happened today, he'd be the first to sign you into a psych ward.

"why aren't you eating?" He asked, pressing the issue.

"My stomach hurts, I had milk when I got home so it made it worse." you said not completely lying, you did have milk.

"You just said you were fine, if you aren't feeling well we should take you to the doctor." your father cared about you, you knew this, but he was stubborn.

"I meant I'll be fine, I just need some rest in a warm bed and I'll be in perfect condition tomorrow." you say smiling at him. Your father relaxes and nods his head, thankfully giving up on the subject.

You weren't sure if you were going to be able to close your eyes tonight, but it would be worth a shot.

3. Face to Face

Summary for the Chapter:

You have now begun to lose your mind, but this is only the beginning of the terror.
Now you meet the terror that has been haunting you face to face.

Next Chapter: Smut or naw?

Check out my tumblr dedicated to pennywise and other horrors~

deadlightdelight.tumblr.com

You can also find my very own Clown on there. Don't worry, she manipulates more than terrifies.

Also how do you feel about incognito Penny, so he would look like Bill (but with those mouth scars) to trick you and mess with you even more, while in the middle of the day.

Leave a comment or send me an ask! Let me know what you bb's think

...Part Three...

...Meeting Face To Face...

You stayed to help clean up, drawing and putting dishes away as they burned your fingers, you didn't understand how your mother could stand such intense temperatures, but you watched in pure bafflement as she shoved her hands beneath the bubbles once more, into the scalding water, you cringed as you watched her do so.

It only took a few minutes before you were dragging your heavy feet up the stairs, a glass of water with five ice cubes within. The ice

clinks against the glass and the floor creaks under your feet, your father had gone to his study soon after cleaning up the leftover food while your mother remained on the main floor. The house was calm and the people within were relaxed, you were finally at ease, you opened the door to your room and entered with a faint smile on your face, your bedside light was on, casting an orange glow around your room which was welcoming. Shutting the door and making your way into your room, you place your glass of water on the bedside table, your behind finding it's way onto your plush bed. You throw your body back onto your bed, letting your muscles relax and your eyes close with your arms above your head. As comfortable as you were something felt off in your room, slowly you let your head roll to the side towards your many large and fluffy pillows. Sitting before you was an unfamiliar pillow, it was an off white colour, a pale yellow, it's edges were covered in delicate frills and each corner had three bells fastened to it with wrapped red and white rope, finished off with tassels and beautiful red markings.

You had never seen this pillow before, did your mother get you a new one because she thought you would like it? She was known for doing that from time to time. So you grabbed the pillow and pulled it tight to your chest, your face becoming buried in the soft fabric. The pillow smelled sweet like candy or fresh pastries, but it had an odd metallic smell to it and this made it unique and somewhat intoxicating.

“you smell nice,” you mumble into the pillow as you now lay on top of it, a drop of drool coming from the corner of your mouth as you talk. “I think I'm gonna keep you.” you continue speaking into the pillow.

From your point of view it was blissful and cozy, your eyes closed and sleep gradually tugging at your eyes. From anyone else's point of view they would see an unhinged jaw, millions of teeth threatening to pierce your midsection and slowly pull you into two pieces, drops of drool slipping from its teeth onto the thick feather duvet beneath you. Yes you were at this monsters mercy but something stopped it, could it have been your kind words? Your vulnerability?

Whatever it was it caused the pillow to retract, its teeth disappearing and it's frills returning to their place as you held the new pillow tight

to your chest. You felt strangely comfortable by the oddly warm pillow between your arms.

“You know. today has been really...scary?” you run your fingers along the frills and the bells on one corner ring gleefully. “I don't know if i'm losing my mind or if it's something that will pass,” you continued and your fingers slid down the face of the pillow, you shift and pull the pillow closer as your fingers slow, you could swear the pillow was vibrating in your hands. “look at me... i'm talking to a pillow for crying out loud.” you said to yourself and let your limbs go limp.

“(Y/n)! The phone is for you.” you shoot up in bed leaving the pillow on your lap as you hear your mother call you, you couldn't recall even hearing the phone yet it was for you. Without a second thought your arms pushed the pillow to the side and you headed for the stairs, running down them with a hop in each step. As you rounded the corner you took the phone from your mother and leaned on the door frame.

“hello?” you asked as your fingers tapped the wall just next to you.

“Hello (Y/n),” it was Mary “I was wondering if you could come and help me decorate for tomorrow. The kids get off school and I am sure we will be busy.” Mary was right, there was much to do and you did promise to take care of that today.

“Yes I can!” you said happily, thankful that you got the chance to make it up to her. “I will be right over.” you said as a smile slipped onto your face, you said your goodbyes and you hung up.

“What was that about?” your father asked as he came down the stairs, he looked exhausted, his normally pulled back shoulders were drooped toward and his back hunched. He was up and gone before the sun which caused him to burn out by the time he got home.

“Mary wants me to go and set some stuff up before tomorrow's last day of school,” you said smiling and he walked back towards you with a glass of water, kissing your forehead.

“Please be safe, and don't stay too late.” He said softly before going

back up the stairs.

“Yes please be safe.” your mother repeated from the fridge.

“I will be, I always am.” you said as you looked outside, the whole town was a dark grey haze, the sun was setting and the rain was still pouring from the sky. Thankfully you wouldn't be actually working so you could dress warm and wear your rain boots to keep your feet dry. So you grabbed your coat which hung at the door, it was vinyl, it was a bright teal colour with decent sized hood, it came down to your mid thigh, you snapped the buttons together and tied the string at your waist, you also put on your rain boots which matched the colour of your coat; the coat was two sizes larger than yourself, so it made you look like a child in your parents clothes.

You picked your keys up from the dish and placed them in your pocket, it made no sense bringing your purse or any money at all, if by chance you did get jumped then there wouldn't be anything to take, maybe a bruise but that's better than being down an entire purse.

“I'll be home before eleven.” you call into the house as you leave the front, hopping down the wood and cement steps of your home, your feet splashing in the puddle at the bottom before you headed down the street. It was around eight o'clock and you didn't want to be out later than you had to be, so you walked with a little more speed than usual. Your hands in your pockets and your shoulders pulled up to your ears, above you the streetlights came to life as the sky continued to darken. The clouds looked like water and ink, trying desperately to mix but something was refusing to let it become one mass. It was really quite beautiful.

You walked down the path to the bridge heading to the center of town, you were only a fifteen to twenty minute walk away from work depending on how fast you were moving.

This walk was quite blissful, it made you think of a beautiful scene painted from a fairytale dream. The roads were mostly empty except for a car or two, and a man walking their dog, the roads were quiet except for the wind rushing through the trees and the rain hitting the ground in a constant jumbled rhythm.

Soon you were in the candy shop, on a ladder and hanging a banner, streamers and balloons all ready for tomorrow's rush or ice cream, candies, or whatever the children fancied. But as soon as you were there it was time to leave.

"Here a pretty rose for a pretty lady," Mary said handing you a chocolate rose. This was almost routine now, if you were to stay late or come in before or after your shift she would give you a chocolate rose, and say the same corny line as the last time. All you could do is amuse her and take the rose and smell it with a wide grin and thank her.

"Thank you Mary, I shall cherish it always." you said giving her a head nod and you began to walk down the street.

"Are you sure you don't want a ride?" Mary called after you, you shook your head and smiled brightly at her.

"No, No I live just around the corner." You then returned to walking.

"You watch yourself young lady!" you could see her waving her finger at you, warning you like a grandmother. You continued to walk, until you were at the bridge, a tune vibrating from your chest as you remember a song from a album your father brought home from new york last halloween.

"Oh, somewhere deep inside of these bones

An emptiness began to grow," you moved from foot to foot, humming the tune and keeping your feet moving at a steady pace, holding the rose to your chest. It wasn't too long until you reached the part of the song you didn't know, this caused you to stop in your tracks in the center of the bridge. Your brow furrows as you take your brain to remember but alas, your mind escapes you. Your arm in the air with the rose extended, your eyes follow the length of your arm to the object that was quite out of place.

A red latex balloon sat floating still, the wind not causing it to shift for even a moment, the water seemed to be avoiding the balloon at all cost as it just remind still. You press your lips together and you spin the plastic of the rose around, and you sharply jerk your wrist and " *POP* " goes the balloon, causing a relieved smile to slip onto

your lips. You had simply had enough of balloons today.

You finally crossed the bridge, your hands in your pockets, no more fun and games until you were home. It was ten and you were eager to be home in your warm bed, in your dim room, in your dry house. Your shoulders shuddered in response, you felt like you had been damp all day and it was about time you were dry and in bed.

As you walked you began to notice a trend, there were red orbs dancing in the corner of your eye as you walked, this caused you to look up from where your gaze had been locked. Balloons. Red balloons were tied at each mailbox down your street, each one seeming stuck in time, repelling rain from their shiny latex skin. You felt something was challenging you, you really must be losing your mind, they were only balloons.

You began to walk down the street, rolling the fake stem between your fingers, feeling the plastic bumps morph your skin to fit between the grooves. You were nearing the first balloon of the street, its colour shimmering in the lack of light. Your lips pull back as you grip onto the rose, you thrust your arm to the side “ *POP* ” one balloon exploded and the plastic bits flew through the air, landing on the soaked pavement beneath.

You continued to walk. And once more you jet your wrist out, “ *POP* ” another one down. Again. Again. Again. Five balloons have now met their end and now lay on the ground in your wake. You were coming up to your sixth victim, your lip slipping between your teeth as your hand jetted out towards another one of the balloons, intent on popping as many as you could until you reached your home. Your arm had now become fully extended and there had been no pop, no feeling that the rose collided with anything. Your eyes open and you turn your head towards where the next balloon should be, yet your eyes came across nothing but empty air. All signs of the latex orbs were gone, as if they had never been there, this was the case for both in front of you and behind you. You stood in the middle of the sidewalk, gawking at the fact that you heard the sounds of the balloons pop, you saw them deflate and drop to the ground, you saw it.

You threw your hands up in defence, quickly walking down the

street, you weren't going to let this get to you. You quickly came to the walkway of your home, ready to turn and run up the steps and into your home, where you would shower and go to sleep until the sun peaked the horizon in the morning.

However you stopped at your mailbox, the opening was a jar, something was sitting within. Thinking nothing of it you pulled it open and slipped your hand slipped within, to your surprise there was nothing there, you began to pull your hand back, swearing to yourself you saw something shimmer within. Must have been a trick of your eyes.

The first thing to reach your ears was the low almost snicker, you snatched your hand out from the mailbox, your eyes straining to look into the darkness.

A blur, followed by a malicious cackle. The sound of the air being cut and sweet sounding bells. An immense pressure on your wrist and against your throat. Two impossibly long arms reached out from the mailbox to clasp around your wrist and neck, extended into the rain. your eyes are met with the glimmer of two irises from within the endless darkness within the box.

“mY My, iT isn’T VeRy nICe poP POP PoPping OthEr PeoPlEs thiNGs”
the voice that reached your ears was enough to cause your breath to get caught in your throat, your lungs betraying you to the fear that was filling you once more. It began to move like a snake from within the mailbox, it’s long slender form growing and towering over you.

A face of white contorted into a grin of hunger, saliva pouring from it’s pointed lower lip. Red lines of symmetry slide up either side of their face, moving over their darkened lids, and hairless brows. It’s teeth were long and sharp, inhuman and intimidating. Their eyes were burrowing into you, their colour was possibly the most beautiful thing you have seen, they were like honey or the colour of a perfect yellow bell pepper, they were warm and bright like the sun, they even seemed to create a light of their own in the darkness.

“H- How did you f- fit in there?” this was the only thing that could slip from your breathless lips. This didn’t phase the creature for even a moment.

“YoU liTtle GiRL, poPPed My BaLLooNs,” their voice was masculine, and their features seemed to be very much of the same.

“Let me go!” you said with a voice shaking like one of those toys you pulled the string on and let go. Just as this thing ignored your question you ignored its. It didn’t like that very much. It’s nostrils flared as it’s face morphed into a childlike expression, it’s shoulders shaking as it’s face got closer to yours.

“YoUr FeAr smeLLs gOod,” it pulled you towards the mailbox, it’s face burying into your neck. You felt something warm and wet begin to drip down your neck, over your shoulder and down your breast. You shuddered and with your one free hand you tried to shove the creature back, but it was like a wall, the only thing moving was the soft fabric of their shirt creasing under your fist. It became immediately unimpressed, its grin dropping and disappearing behind an emotionless stare, it kept its eyes locked with you but it slowly lowered their head, one eye beginning to drift down. “That isn’t very nice.” the creature spoke with a low hiss, you began to use all your weight and use your feet to push away from the clown, the tread of your boots clinging to the grooves of the pavement, you stomped a few times as the fear began to make you pull away from the large creature.

“What are you!” You cried out, the beast stopped, slowly, one foot at a time it removed the rest of its body from the small mailbox. The sound of cracking bone shooting through the air as it straightened out it’s disfigured legs, giving you a clear picture of its physique. It was tall and lanky, and you were willing to bet it had one of those back arches that those tall boys always seemed to have.

You had once seen a beautiful man come through Derry last summer, he was impossibly tall, with a mysterious look in his eyes, his back swooped and he was lanky. You wished he had taken you with him on whatever adventure he was on. Unfortunately he was gone as soon as he appeared.

“I my dear am Pennywise the dancing clown.” He purred against your ear as he lifted you from the ground, the hand that had been gripping onto your wrist slipped around your waist, the other hand still firmly locked around your neck.

“And you, (Y/n)... Belong to me.” You felt something long, warm, and wet slip along your jaw, this caused your eyes to roll back into your head, and the next moment went black.